

THE TRUE DEMOCRAT.

JOHN G. COLLINS, Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

Questions to Be Discussed.

The joint debate on the drainage question will prove interesting and enlightening to the people of Florida. No man is better able than Governor Broward to put the best foot forward in the march towards drainage, and no one can more forcibly than Mr. Beard present the arguments against it.

We are confident that the question will be discussed on its merits. Governor Broward has heretofore shown too much temper. We do not look for any display of this kind in the discussion with Mr. Beard. We are confident that the people will have the arguments unencumbered by abuse.

Governor Broward has much to prove, for the burden of proof will rest on him. Among the questions involved are:

Will the drainage of the Everglades cause climatic changes that will do more harm than the land to be reclaimed will be worth?

To whom will the land belong after it is reclaimed?

Does the State now need the land or would it be better to wait until more of the territory is settled?

Would the placing of so much land on the market depreciate the value of lands owned by the people of Florida?

Would the land sell for more if put on the market ten, twenty or thirty years hence than if offered within a year or two?

Have the drainage commissioners any settled plans for the details of the work or do they propose to go it blind?

Have any thorough surveys been made showing the best places for the locations of drainage works or do the commissioners propose to have them made before beginning work?

Should the drainage commissioners be entrusted with such powers as the proposed constitutional amendment would confer?

The power to drain or not as they see fit.

The power to begin at once or to defer the work indefinitely.

The power to drain what they please and leave unreclaimed what they please.

The power to impose a special tax of ten cents per acre on such persons as they may imagine would be benefited.

The power to make individuals pay for the drainage of lands that are claimed by the State and also claimed by a railroad and whose title is in litigation.

The power to collect this tax indefinitely.

The power to carry on irrigation work indefinitely if they see fit after drainage is completed and to levy and collect a special tax for it.

The power to sell any and all reclaimed lands at private sale without responsibility to any one in the acceptance and rejection of bids.

Should such extensive work be entrusted to a board of State officials whose other duties keep them in Tallahassee?

Do they know what the work will cost and what it will be worth?

In short Governor Broward must prove:

That the Everglades should be drained; That now is the time for the work; That the members of the Internal Improvement Board are the proper officials to supervise it; and the method of taxation proposed is the fairest and best way of meeting the expenses.

Times-Union.

May Live 100 Years.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Mo., now 70 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of chronic dyspepsia of 20 years standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure stomach and liver diseases, blood disorders, general debility and bodily weakness. Sold on a guarantee at all druggists. Price only 50c.

Tampa Tribune: "We feel real sorry for those Jacksonville base ball fans. They haven't had a chance to holler for three weeks and then it was an accident." "An old guy who draws a salary from Uncle Sam for looking wise in the House of Representatives and who hails from New York—must be rural New York—needs a geography teacher. He said he thought Jacksonville was the only city in Florida. The ignorance of some folks is too pitiful to notice."

The Smile

that won't come off appears on baby's face after one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face. If you keep this medicine on hand, you will never see anything else but smiles on his face. Mrs. S., Blackwell, Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful, would not eat, and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he has not had a sick day since. Sold by all druggists."

It is much easier this hot weather to drain a glass of beer than to drain the Everglades. Besides, the Everglades can wait, the beer can't.—Fernandina Star.

Beats the Music Cure.

"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the stomach, liver and bowels. Guaranteed by all druggists.

New assortment of Ladies' Collars 10c, at Evans'.

NEW ARE TO BLAME.

Clara Morris Tells Some Startling Things of Pretty Girl Victims.

Clara Morris, one of the world's most noted women of the stage, inspired by the Thaw murder, writes the following in the New York American:

So much has been said of the chorus girl by men and women of the world, and so many attacks have been made on the show girl, that it is time she came to her defense. It has been her misfortune for some time to be represented as a siren, whose sole occupation is the decoying and destruction of the gilded youth of America.

Like the vampire, one is accustomed to think of her as a creature of evil, with no beginning and apparently no end. She is the everlasting pivot upon which men hang the thread—bare excuses of their moral laxitude—and the symbol of riotous license.

But the chorus girl has a beginning; as a type in herself she is easy to picture. A pretty, graceful, ambitious girl facing a great white roadway, illumined by so many electric lights that it seems almost impossible to make one misstep, but—and this is what she so seldom realizes, especially if she is earnest—she is inevitably poor!

IT IS NOT THE GIRL.

At the start it is simple enough; she has her way to make in the world, and the stage affords more opportunity for promotion than any other work she can think of. Sometimes there is opposition in the shape of the old uncle, who shakes his head and croaks prophetically of disgrace, but he does not lift a hand to save her; her friends also can find much to criticize, but they cannot suggest anything to better her condition. In the end she is forced to take her way alone and unadvised. Of course there are exceptions to this type, but they have no claim to sympathy.

It is a mistake to think a girl is stage struck and that any other kind of employment is distasteful. She knows there is the same temptation to be met in the New York offices and in every field that women have invaded.

It is not the girl, but the men! My own experience might be a convincing example of the influence of the doddering Croesus upon the struggling woman trying to make a name and reputation for herself.

TRIUMPHS OF OTHER GIRLS.

I sought the stage at a time when everything else failed, as I was not equipped with practical education in any other direction. A few friends pointed out the advantages of a histrionic career, which I was eager to embrace. I was engaged by a well known theatrical manager for the chorus in a large company, encouraged by a salary which seemed to me generous enough, considering there was nothing to learn that could not be accomplished in the six weeks' rehearsing. Later, I found that the twenty dollars a week in New York dwindled alarmingly when once we were on the "road." I marveled at the other girls, who seemed to manage so much more economically that they could afford to live at the best hotels and wear prettier clothes than I. They met rich men who showered them with costly gifts. I did not understand, and often looked the questions my lips never framed. My own condition was in painful contrast.

RICH MAN MADE BLUNT OFFER.

Alone in a strange city, with no congenial friends saving my dressing room mates, it was not long before discouragement and illness brought me to the management for an advance of my salary. These small sums, together with promises from the management for an understudy, kept my interest alive. My debts reached the knowledge of the wealthy backer, who sent for me to come to the office.

"My dear, I am interested in you," he announced, coming straight to the point. "I should like to help you." For an instant I was overcome.

"To help me!"

As if for the first time the knowledge of my existence had dawned upon him, and there I had been working for a whole season.

"Tell me about yourself," he said. Thus encouraged, and with my ambition always uppermost in my heart, I poured out the whole tale of my struggles and ambitions, ending with, "You are interested in plays—don't you think there would be a better chance for me in drama?"

He waived the suggestion with a startling one of his own.

"Why, you need a backer; why don't you get a rich man interested in you?" he said.

It was a cold-blooded attack, and one that sent a shiver of repulsion and horror over me. "I had hoped to succeed on my own merits," I said.

"You never will," he bluntly said. "Will you take supper with me, and we will talk it over after the show?"

I hesitated and finally consented. That supper was the beginning of many a long discussion between us. I had to be diplomatic, for my position weighed in the balance. The man's attentions, however distasteful, had to be endured. Little by little his insinuations sunk in deeper and deeper, until suddenly there was borne in upon me that the backer he had in view was none other than himself.

HESITATED ON BRINK OF RUIN.

He was a married man, with children, and a wife, who shared with him an enviable position in society. His "liberal" ideas and elastic conscience shocked and disgusted me as much as his satyr-like face and overbearing ways. While his wife was abroad he offered to establish me in an apartment uptown; his private carriages were at my disposal. Night after night found him behind the scenes talking to me; it seemed as if I

never should escape his odious attentions, and day after day I spent conviving to keep from him, and prove that I was not to be tempted by the glamor of his prodigality.

I was frank, and had asked him only to give me a chance to show what I could do in one of the many theatrical ventures he was interested in. Instead he tried to lead me from respect and my work, and give for the brief day of his favor and consideration an eternity of regret and remorse.

THE WAY OF THE TEMPTER.

The climax came, as I knew it would, when a new face caught my fancy—a young and very pretty girl in the same company yielded in an evil hour. I warned her of my experience, which she sneeringly repeated, and which cost me my position.

I can recall vividly, as I packed my make-up box for the last time, hearing the girl's indignant murmurs of disapproval: "Such a chance!" "What a fool!" "She deserves to get bounced!"

I was sick of the paint and powder and empty pleasure of that artificial life, and when suddenly a clear light of understanding swept over me it was not the stage that was to blame, but the men who drag a woman's ideals from her high pedestal and trample upon them, like Stanford White and the rich older men who carry the torch of shame that lights women down the road to hell!

A Modern Miracle.

"Truly miraculous seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mollie Holt of this place," writes J. O. R. Hooper, Woodford, Tenn., "she was so wasted by coughing up puss from her lungs. Doctors declared her end so near that her family had watched by her bedside forty-eight hours, when, at my urgent request, Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally completely recovered, and is a healthy woman today." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists. Trial bottle free.

The Pittsburg Millionaire.

The Pittsburg millionaire who has rapidly acquired money, without acquiring sense, has become a distinctive type.

He is a familiar figure under sensational headlines of newspapers all over the world. He is heard of in connection with the reckless gambling at Monte Carlo, with wife desertion and entanglement with chorus heroines and artist models and with murder prompted by the emotional insanity that comes of the pace that kills.

The Pittsburg millionaire is as thoroughly established in his place as hero of up-to-date scandal and vice as the "Florodora" girl is in hers as heroine.

Thaw, Corey and Hartje are now in the courts, the first to answer for murder committed in defense of his actress wife's "honor," which he himself had ruined in the minds of all decent people; the second to answer to a divorce suit based on his alleged infatuation for an actress, and the third to end his marital troubles at his own request.

It is a long time since the courts were free from the scandals of the Pittsburg millionaire. The elder Thaw and his "Indian Princess," James K. Clark and his "violet bride," Hart McKee and his remarriage within an hour after his divorce; Lawrence C. Phipps, who had the decency to get a divorce quietly, and John A. Moorehead, who ran away with his mother's French maid—all these have given to the name of the Pittsburg millionaire a meaning that will cling for many years to come.—Tampa Tribune.

Half the World Wonders

how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure cuts, wounds, burns, sores and all skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1130 E. Reynolds street, Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by all druggists. 25c.

Palm Beach News: It is only duty and justice to encourage your home paper, extend to it the nourishment to which it is entitled. Pay your subscriptions promptly, and send a few extra copies to your relatives and friends at a distance. They will appreciate the favor and so will we.

The man who went out to milk and sat down on a boulder in the middle of the pasture and waited for the cow to back up, was a brother to the man who kept a store and wouldn't advertise because he reasoned that the purchasing public would back up to his place of business, when it wanted something.—Palm Beach News.

The newspaper is the law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor and an admonisher for the lawless. It may stimulate the most indifferent, but it cannot be published without cost and sent free to subscribers. This is no joke.—Palm Beach News.

According to the Tampa Tribune: "Hon. John A. Graham, of Manatee, is negotiating for the Bradentown Journal. If he succeeds in making the deal, a pyrotechnic display will be inaugurated immediately with Claude L'Engle at the Tallahassee end with his Sun and Graham at the Manatee point with his Journal, and we may anticipate something pretty warm." The Sun has already fired off the first fireworks and Graham will have some work to catch up.

Tax Notice.

All property on which taxes are not paid by August 15th will be advertised. No exception will be made.

W. D. WILSON,

Collector.

NOT A CANDIDATE

For Speakership of the House—Don't Want Job Because He Can Do More and Effective Work on the Floor of the House.

A report having been published in the Jacksonville Metropolis of Wednesday that Hon. J. W. Watson, representative elect to the State Legislature from Dade county, would not be a candidate for the speakership of the House, a representative of the Metropolis called on Mr. Watson this morning for information relative to the same.

"Yes, I have decided not to be a candidate for the speakership," said Mr. Watson. "I have not the time to devote to the canvass of the State which would be necessary did I want the honor. My desire is to do as much effective work as possible in behalf of my county, section and the State, which I could not do were I the Speaker of the House. The Speaker is handicapped in this respect, as he must rule impartially on all questions and cannot enter into matters and duties as can the members on the floor. Everything considered, and desiring to accomplish the best results possible, I will not be a candidate for the honor, which, after all, is an empty and unappreciated one."

Mr. Watson is one of the best known public men in the State and has been prominent in past Legislatures, having held the position of Speaker of the House, and his decision not to be a candidate for the same will be received with regret in many quarters where he would receive unanimous support were he to announce for the honor.

Outside of Mr. Watson, Hon. George C. Matthews, of Ocala, and E. S. Matthews, of Starke, have been the most prominently spoken of for the speakership. The Ocala Matthews, it is said, will have administration support, while the anti-administration forces will work for the Matthews of Bradford.—Miami Metropolis.

Madison Will Try.

The good people of Madison county are going to make an effort to secure an election to decide whether whiskey shall longer be sold in that county under authority of law, and the good people of Madison have our best wishes and would have something more helpful had we the right to cast a vote there.

Of the forty-five counties in Florida there are but eighteen in which whiskey can be legally sold, but these eighteen seriously interfere with the operation and purpose of the law in the twenty-seven "dry" counties, because of the large amount of whiskey shipped into them from the "wet" ones.

For a long time the saloon men and the advocates of the open saloon have urged that to drive whiskey out meant the stagnation of business, and the moment the vote was counted and the people had said that whiskey must go, that the licensed saloon must close its doors, that moment the death knell of all future growth and prosperity was sounded. This argument undoubtedly influenced many votes, and prevented for a time the reign of a decency and right, but the time has come when that salvation no longer has weight—in truth, men and women would rather see stagnation and decay than to see the young men of a community ruined and made drunkards through the influence of open saloons, which is a most potent factor in this destruction. But such is not the case. Instance after instance has proven beyond the question of a doubt that business stagnation does not follow in the matter of the closing of the saloons.

Two of the most striking examples to offset this assertion are Live Oak, in Florida, and Waycross, Ga. For fully twenty years Suwannee has been a "dry" county, and yet its growth has been little short of wonderful. We dare say that in Live Oak there are more people who own their own homes than in any "wet" town anywhere one-half larger. Of course there is some liquor sold here illegally, but as proof there is but little drunkenness and disturbance, the fact that Live Oak has but one police officer should be sufficient, and he has abundant time to attend to all the street work, and do numerous other things for the town. In fact he attends to pretty much all of the needs of the city. As a further evidence that the closing of the saloons is a paying investment, Live Oak's vote of millage for taxation is only seven mills on the dollar. Doubtless the lowest rate of taxation enjoyed by any town in the United States. Live Oak is still growing and will continue to grow, and it is not at all likely there will ever again be an open saloon in Suwannee county, which in its progress, growth and development has fully kept pace with its county site. Waycross has grown as Live Oak has grown, though whiskey has not been sold there for many years. The stagnation argument no longer has any weight and the whiskey men know it.

We believe Madison county will go "dry," and it should. It is the only "wet" county now between Jacksonville and Pensacola, except Gadsden.—Live Oak Democrat.

The Masonic Keystone.

Here in symbol, we are taught That our actions should be true; Whenever tempted to be false, Sincerely our duty do. Seeking nothing not our due, Trying to labor with good skill; Knowing a great reward awaits us, Shall we the measure of duty fill.

—Jasper News.

Floridians, do any of you doubt that the Palgrave Company would have paid that \$1.00 per acre for those mangrove swamp lands if the I. I. Drainage Board had required it?

Subscribe for The True Democrat.

HORSES SUGGEST HARNESSES

You should call at the establishment of J. D. Cay, opposite Masonic Temple, when in want of Horses, Buggies, or Harness.

He carries the best assortment of Buggies in Middle Florida, which he sells at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms to responsible parties.

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